THE HIGH DELIGHTS OF HEAVEN

OUR capabilities will be increased richly to enjoy everything that will be there that has delighted us on earth; the loveliness of another Eden, (this more beautiful than the first) also its tame creatures with human intelligence--lost pets and martyred ones; not altogether a garden, nor town, nor country, but a splendid city with unending exquisite environments; all who are there of the creation no longer travailing and waiting for redemption, the lion and the lamb lying down together, actually as first intended. Pleasures will be in every way exhilarating and in full measure. No vice, lust, evil act, or evil desires of any kind. "The just made perfect." Highest knowledge as known to angels, and special comprehension of the former perplexities about our earthly existence. Lightness of body and ease of locomotion--whether by wings or electric--no weight, no trouble of the flesh; the same body, yet transfigured as Christ's--lovely to behold, with an effulgent light shining in Heaven's translucent atmosphere. There will be resplendent jewels and splendours of all kinds,

* S P A C E S *

BY

EMMA L. HARDY

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Max Gate,

April, 1912.

* S P A C E *

BY

HERA L. HADDY

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New Gate,

April, 1912.

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for the "glory of the Nations" will be in heaven. Inconceivably sweet and wonderful music, heard as at Christ's birth, the singing and choiring of angels, with perfection of voice. The redeemed will join in it, joyfully, praise itself being a joy, as in a very limited manner we know it here, when hearts are awakened to full appreciation of it. Evil being abolished absolutely of every kind, so also will all pain, sorrow, dullness, weakness, fatigue, regret, remorse spite, cruelty, lies, hatred, persecution, all forgotten for ever,--ay, even a recollection, causing sadness about those who rejected the great salvation, all for ever banished from our remembrance--obliterated. Instead we shall have the society of those who on earth enjoyed whatsoever things were lovely. And greatly shall we delight in each other's company, as well as the conversation and companionship of the angels who have never transgressed,--the Sons of God ever in Heaven--we there shall have the entrancing joy of dwelling with superior beings never known on earth. Whoever, even in this world, has known the delight of converse with a right and beautiful mind, will understand what such joy means. Then above all--think what bliss in the fact of being in Heaven, in absorbing happiness with God always, and with His Son our beloved Saviour, and with the Spirit of all Comfort, the peculiar joy of being and remaining in such presence ! we, the fallen Angels, for it is

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surely by this recognition that we understand our sinful state here. Then will burst upon our astonished comprehension the whole in its complete fulness--enthralling bliss intensified by having no apprehension of its decline or end.

However, Heaven will not be the same for all saved ones. Those who have accepted late--having therefore not delighted in God's service on earth--yet have said in their hearts, and confessed that they believe entirely in the Plan of Salvation, will have happiness made for them of the kind they most like, more material than those who have had life-long communication with God on earth. It cannot be supposed that the variety of human nature will not be satisfied most completely.

Rest, only rest is the desideratum for tired old age and the overworked. A desire to go to a heavenly home is weak. The dying-bed is not without some comfort, if pain is little or none, to those who have toiled and moiled all their sad too diligent days. Yet they forget the Word to them--"There is yet a rest for the people of God." No wandering unhappy spirits are they waiting for the judgment. Before every other change after death comes rest complete. Muscles, nerves, brain in a state of rest, sweetest of all rests, never had in life; this state comes first and to those who are alive at the Judgment Day there will be the great change--the new Body.

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Very often the expression of a beautiful oblivious rest, is immediately on the countenance of "the dead in Christ:"--a look so peaceful, lovely and free, that the mourners are charmed and soothed by it--a beauty oft-times of a kind never seen in life, so sweet so great so heavenly does it appear. Then the awakening--think of it ! Like to the joy of a healthy child, rejoicing that the morn is come after the dark night. Intense joy, vitality, eagerness for the newness, and then the rapturous surprise of it. The bounding of the renewed body and soul to meet all the joy around it--"Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart to conceive the things which God hath prepared for them that love him."

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THE ACCEPTORS AND NON-ACCEPTORS

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THE "rash revolt" of the angels with Satan their leader, and the casting out of heaven, resulted in some falling upon earth (Rev.) others being chained in Hell (Jude). Those which fell on earth continued actively the evil, Satan himself had worked in Heaven. Still Sons of God they then assumed human forms and mingled with the unprotected progeny of Adam and Eve, (now under the ban of the wrath of the Almighty), who with their parents were doubly dyed in sin, and sin increased through all generations as time went on. Thus the apparent injustice of our punishments, miseries and doom of death is explicable. Yet the wrath of the Creator was mixed with deepest pity, and a plan of Salvation prepared to rescue many of them from Satan's power in the end of time. This momentous event of the Revolt and the consequent destiny of Satan and his followers is particularly recounted in Revelations, which with Adam and Eve's fall is the explanation of the terrible fate and state of sin of mankind on earth.

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Yet by His great love these miserable offenders should be saved from Satan and Hell; this love of the Father was yearning intense love for the lost, and ardent desire to get them back again to Himself and Heaven, their proper home--still His own angels though smirched by sin and in bondage to Satan for a time. If they were accepters of His plan of salvation, punishment should not be for them everlastingly, but only here in this their trial place, Christ's expiation--a terrible one--being alone sufficient for the sinful ones of Heaven and this earth, sinners by the lust of power, and the lust of the senses. Christ beloved of His Father, came willingly, entered by the Holy Spirit into Mary's being, having an ordinary human life as child and man with earthly mother and brethren, apparent father and genealogy--"The wonderful, the Counciller, the Prince of Peace."

The mystery of our own existence here--of Salvation through the strange incarnation of the Saviour, is perfectly clear and credible, with this perception of our angelic origin and the overpowering love of the Creator for us lost and strayed. We are now either acceptors or non-acceptors of His Salvation, redeemable or non-redeemable angels, and our angel friends in Heaven "desire to look into this mystery" and rejoice "over one sinner that repenteth."

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If we are non-acceptors then we remain Satan's followers,--unredeemable, revolted still--with evil natures retained, which could only be cast out of Adam's offspring by Christ's words, and afterwards by His disciples when He gave them power to do so; this sacrifice for offenders can only be of use if accepted, therefore the direct will of mankind is necessary through prayer for the sweet influence of the Holy Spirit, prayer being as it may be said, a kind of electrical communication with God our Creator. He knows which of His precious ones will return. To these acceptors comes shining on them a radiant light illuminating the understanding; it permeates every thought, changes every action, or the reason of them. All things are new--quite strangely new--the spirit is rapturously released from its former terrors of death, judgment, and hell. It is in verity "born again." That tremendous conflict between God and Satan--violent through hate on Satan's side--through great love on God's side, going on through the generations is ended for each acceptor--a victory complete through Christ's obedience to death. God henceforth strengthens, ameliorates, rescues His beloved ones from Satan's persecutions, sends His spirit to comfort them to their end--the blissful death of the righteous. And life is short, though in youth is seems unending. The conflict passes.

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* * * *

THE NEW ELEMENT OF FIRE

IN this our element of Air we are much tried by its effect upon us, though we are born in it, varying greatly as it does through the weeks months and years with different results in each climate, in each period of our existence; sometimes too hot or too moist, or too dry or not strongly compounded enough, or impurified, or not enough of it, or too much of it, or stagnant or foggy or too rushing, buffeting us on land or water. It has all sorts of qualities, and seldom quite suiting us, or not for long anywhere. Finally, being unable to use it, we die for want of it.

Fires of Hell will not resemble fire here on earth, nor cause the same kind of misery and pain, precisely, for it will be our element to breathe in or love in, somehow. We know well we cannot live in our kind of fire, by the least experience of its terrible quality, and of the agonizing pain it causes when we are caught by it, death often occurring in consequence. But the fire of Hell keeps alive in pain and wretchedness all who come into it. It will be intermittent in fierceness and duration as in our present atmosphere, and

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will act on risen changed bodies--for we shall all be changed in the twinkling of an eye as we rise from the dust--it will then be that body which will suit the element henceforth to be lived in through all eternity--abased bodies, these suiting the lost souls as glorified bodies will be for the redeemed, quite different from these earthly ones.

Once in that element no cold can enter no other element can mingle with that one, never quenched, and where the worm, busy in our bodies will never die, because itself constituted of the same fire: no research can ever eliminate it.--"Where the worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched."

The doomed, probably, certainly are not in hell immediately after death as their bodies are not changed, and soul and body must go together at last. There is a general belief of spirits being restless until the Judgment Day, giving us occasionally slight intimations of their existence though viewless. The "rest" of God's people is not for them.

They are not in sleep, nor in peace, nor in rest, but are Satan's myrmidons doing his bidding in his service and "blown with restless violence about the pendent world." Their probation is over for all time. Until the Judgment Day they wait.

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The Last Day must not be considered as literally a day of twenty-four hours more or less, but as any prolongation, neither must the sound of the Trumpet--that awful call--be supposed to be one sudden shout, for the Divine order is usually slow, lengthy, culminating from an almost unnoticeable beginning. So will the end of all here on earth follow that order--an earthly day is, as it were, a hundred years or more by heavenly reckoning. The ominous rumbling of thunder sounds unaccompanied by lightning or rain will precede the gradual rising of a sound, terrible, penetrating, continuous, and arresting attention, producing fear, paralysing effort, after awhile stopping all energy whatever and causing a general distress of nations, which calling to each other to know if this thunder is everywhere to be heard, receive terrifying confirmation. And then will occur the general darkening of the sun, moon, and stars by blackest clouds, as at the Crucifixion, and the power of that awful Trumpet accelerated till the final blast, when suddenly a spot of light will appear in the East at 4 o'clock a.m. according to western time--and dark night of Eastern time or about that hour, varying at distances, the hot sunshine there gone completely, leaving however the weariness and dreariness of the afternoon heat of hot latitudes. And whilst bodies will be seen rising and floating in the phosphorescent great oceans, in seas, lakes,

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rivers, the graveyards will be crowded with strange moving figures seen dimly in the darkness, and that much watched spot of Eastern light will brighten and be enlarged, revealing a golden cloud shaped like a cross, behind which will be seen extraordinary masses of beautiful beings--the Ethereal ones of Heaven.

Peoples everywhere will prostrate themselves, the electric lights of the world will shine forth again, not lit by mortal hands which will have failed to set them aglow through the darkness. they will gleam and burn firecely with an awful intensity towards their final burning up of the earth with all its earthly produce.

Then solemnly will come the voice of God the Creator--
"Let the Book be Opened !"

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* * * *

RETROSPECT

Satan ... "Thou sayest Thou art from Everlasting: that Thou didst create all things--even me. Thou dost not love us--Thy angels love not thee. I love Thee not. Me they love, and my behests shall they obey, not Thine. My power is as great as Thine. Thou didst not create me.

God ..... Mine they are, Mine thou wert. My love has been greatly given to thee, so thou art fairer than all angels and a large portion of my power has been upon thee--but thou canst not create. I have created thee and these my angels. Again I have now created beings which are but a little lower than the angels.

Satan ... If I cannot create as Thou, yet I can make these beings worship me, even as they do Thee, so shall they give me worship and honour, and I will mar Thy new creation. I will learn too Thy secret of Creation and by means of themselves.

REFERENCE

Satan ... Then rejoice! Then art true Prometheus!
That Thou didst create all things--even me.
Thou dost not love me--Thy angels love not thee.
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Shall they ever, not Thine. My power is as
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Secret of Creation and by means of themselves.

Michael Almighty Creator, he accuses us wrongfully.
We adore Thee only, Everlasting God and Father.
We will neither love nor obey him.

Some of the Angels . . . . We will love Satan and obey him.

Michael... Evil one ! thou hast made these false to worship thee.

Satan . . . Do not ye, all angels, envy Him, and hate Him, even as I do ? Have ye not also disobeyed Him ?
Wishing to create as He creates ?

* * * *

Son . . . . I am His only beggtten Son. I obey Him.

The Holy Spirit. (An ineffable brightness as a halo surrounding God and His Son. Without substance, but with a still small voice penetrating all.)
Depart !

Michael and All Angels . . . . Thus we hurl thee, Evil One, from us, and from this abode of brightness, and thy devils with thee.

The Devil Oh, oh ! (horrid laughter--the first laughter ever emitted !) The warfare begins. Come legions mine. Come Molech, Chemos, Belial, Dagan, Thammuz, Rimmon, my devils all. Let us work mischief !

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Then was heard in Heaven a loud voice proclaiming--

"Now is come Salvation and Strength and the
"Kingdom of Our God, and the power of His
"Christ. For the accuser of our brethren is
"cast down which accused us before God day
"and night."

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THE END

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* A L L E Y S *

BY

EMMA L. HARDY

* * *

Max Gate.

December, 1911.

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T I M E

OF Time advancing,
How'ever entrancing
No mind can know
What tides will flow,
Or winds will blow;
What airy chance
Or circumstance
Some day may show.

Dorset County Chronicle,
1937.

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No mind can know
What tides will flow,
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TEN MOONS.

IN misery swirled
Is this one-moon whirled,
But there's no sorrow or darkness there
In that mighty Planet where
There is no night.
Ten moons ever revolving
All matter its long years resolving
To sweetness and light.

altered to "world" in another copy of Book.

Dorset County Chronicle,
1907.

THE MOONS.

In misery retired
Is this one-moon world.
But there's no sorrow or darkness there
In that mighty planet where
There is no night.
Ten moons ever revolving
All matter its long years receiving
To sweetness and light.

Dorset County Chronicle,
1907.

SPRING SONG

ELECTRIC CURRENTS

WHY does April weep ?

BY electric currents working
Sweetest influences abound,
And fearful powers our lives surround
For not known to us they're lurking
By electric currents working !

If the winter's nights have flown,
And its dark days so long,
And the summer's love's a-warm
Coming like bees a-swarm.

Will not the sun's heart glow,
With cure in a steady flow
Of joy and sure delight,
Of new deeds and thoughts of might ?

But none know what summer's days may bring.
That's why we weep and smile, come spring.

The Sphere, May, 1900.

ELECTRIC CURRENTS

BY electric currents working
Sweetest influences abound,
And fearful powers our lives surround
For not known to us they're lurking
By electric currents working !

SPRING SONG

WHY does April weep ?
And why does April smile ?
And why do we some sadness reap
A-wondering all the while ?

If the winter's nights have flown,
And its dark days so lone,
And the summer's love's a-warm
Coming like bees a-swarm.

Will not the sun's heart glow,
With ours in a steady flow
Of joy and sure delight,
Of new deeds and thoughts of might ?

But none know what summer's days may bring,
That's why we weep and smile, come spring.

The Sphere, May, 1900.

SPRING SONG

WHY does April weep ?
And why does April smile ?
And why do we roam-sadness keep
A-wandering all the while ?

If the winter's nights have flown,
And its dark days so long,
And the summer's joyful a-warm
Coming like song a-song,

Will not the sun's heart glow,
With cure in a steady flow,
Of joy and pure delight,
Of new deeds and thoughts of night ?

But none know what summer's days may bring,
That's why we weep and smile, come spring.

The Spheres, May, 1900.

MARCH, 1901.

There's a song of a bird in a tree,--
A song that is fresh, gay, and free,
The voice of a last summer's thrush,
Shaking out his trills--hush! hush!
'Tis sunshine and rain both together,
And wind of March weather.

A young blackbird trying some notes !
Softly--new ones he's catching,
Whilst his mate sits a-hatching,
With bright eyes patient and meek.

Dorset County Chronicle,
March, 1910.

MARCH, 1901.

Sharp's a song of a bird in a tree,--
A song that is Green, Boy, and Free,
The voice of a last summer's thrush,
Shaking out his trills--hush! Hush!
'Tis sunshine and rain both together,
And wind of March weather.

A young dimpkind trying some notes I
Idolly--new ones he's catching,
Valiat his mate with s-hatching,
With bright eyes attent and meek.

THE TRUMPET CALL

(To the single Daffodil.)

WHO has not heard, with every bird,
  That stirring trumpet's call
Of the Daffodil true (not fashioned anew,)
  Nor felt his heart bound at that magical sound,
Though folded in winter's pall ?
  Waving, waving, shining, gleaning,
And "dancing" merrily, too;
  Calling and singing they wake the world's
    dreaming,
With their golden trumpet's call.

He who, entranced, memoried, that "dance,"
  Knew only the Daffodils true.
With laughter shaking, the spring cure for all
    aching,
  They sound out their gold trumpet's call--
"Comes the summer with skies clear and blue."

Dorset County Chronicle,
March, 1910.

THE THRUSH'S CALL.

(To the single Daffodil)

WHO has not heard, with every bird,
That alluring trumpet's call
Of the Daffodil tune (not fashioned anew,)
Nor felt his heart bound at that magical sound,
Though felled in winter's pall?
Waving, waving, shaking, blowing,
And "dancing" merrily, too!
Calling and singing they make the world's
dreaming
With their golden trumpet's call.

He who, entranced, remarked, that "dance,"
Knew only the Daffodils true.
With laughter shaking, the spring cure for all
aching,
They sound out their gold trumpet's call--
"Come the summer with skies clear and blue."

Dorset County Chronicle,
March, 1910.

RIPE SUMMER

The meadows lie beneath
The summer sun's hot rays;
O happy, happy summer,
O golden, golden days.

RICE SUMMER

The meadows lie beneath
The summer sun's hot rays!
O happy, happy summer,
O golden, golden days.

A BLUESDAY MORISON

(End of the wet August, 1910.)

THE MORN ! the MORN ! the SUN !
  This Earth again has won.
How glorious is this light,
  The promise of last night !
Now the dew lies spread upon the grass,
  The cobwebs sparkle like to grass.

Weariness of nature the Soul denies,
  It raises itself anew towards the skies,
With leaps and bounds the soul does run,
  To greet this morn so lovely well begun,
Filling the heart with high delight,
  To see so fair a morn so handsome bright.

Awhile.-- Then humid soddeness again
  With darkness, sadness, and tempestuous rain.

A MILITARY CHORUS

(End of the war August, 1919.)

THE MORN! the MORN! the SUN!
This North again has won.
How glorious is this light!
The promise of last night!
How the dew lies spread upon the grass,
The columbs sparkle like to glass.

Weariness of nature the Soul deadens,
It raises itself anew towards the skies,
With lamps and bounds the soul does run;
To greet this morn so lovely well begun,
Filling the heart with high delight,
To see so fair a morn so handsome bright.

AMBILE.-- Then numid sadderess again
With darkness, sadness, and tempestuous rain.

DANCING MAIDENS

Dancing maidens, sweet were they,
Who danced at noon and danced at eve,
And sometimes danced the long-lived day.

A Duchess, a Queen, had their mother been,
On many a stage, in many a play;
Then turned farm-wife, and brought with her strife,
Breaking her heart in this her last part.

She laid her life down in her favourite stage gown,
But the gay little maids they danced all day,
Though in grief for their mother--that was their way.

"O, mother come back, come back, come back,"
They cried as they danced all three, alack!
Sweet Sophie and Julie and little Therese,
Danced away sadness under these trees.

And each tree since with its Walnuts laden
Has ever been called a dancing maiden.

Dorset County Chronicle,
1905.

DANCING MAIDENS

Dancing maidens, sweet were they,
Who danced at noon and danced at eve,
And sometimes danced the long-lived day.

A Duchess, a Queen, had their mother been,
On many a stage, in many a play;
Then turned farm-wife, and brought with her auntie.
Breaking her heart in this her last part.

She laid her life down in her favourite stage gown,
But the gay little maids they danced all day,
Though in grief for their mother--that was their way.

"O, mother come back, come back, come back,"
They cried as they danced all three, alack!
Sweet Sophie and Julie and little Theresa,
Danced many sadness under these trees.

And each tree since with its walnuts laden
Has ever been called a dancing maiden.

Dorset County Chronicle,
1905.

THE GARDENER'S RUSE

A wild rose tree from the hedge brought he,
And planted it well in the mould,
Digging around and making a mound,
To stand it up high and bold.

Then a hole he made, at its back in the shade,
And an onion deep tilled in,
For the onion was bound to make roses sound,
And a fine rich perfume to win.

Down far in the earth, hidden its worth,
The onion, coarse and meek,
Sought the roots of the roses, to give scent to its posies
And brilliance in colour--a Freak !

Then came the summer, and many a hummer,
Humming his song as he flitted
To the red red roses, so fine for all posies,
And blithe with their scent--well-witted.

At these roses so odorous, the man was not dolorous,
The gardener's laugh was bland--
" 'Tis a fortune," he said, " 'Tis gold I've read,"
. . . So the poor onion's life was grand !

The Academy, 27th April, 1901.

THE GARDENER'S RUSE

A wild rose tree from the hedge brought he,
And planted it well in the mould,
Digging around and making a mound,
To stand it up high and bold.

Then a hole he made, at its back in the shade,
And an onion deep filled in,
For the onion was bound to make roses sound,
And a fine rich perfume to win.

Down far in the earth, hidden its worth,
The onion, coarse and mean,
Sought the roots of the roses, to give scent to its posies
And brilliance in colour--a treat!

Then came the summer, and many a bummer,
Humming his song as he flitted
To the red red roses, so fine for all noses,
And blithe with their scent--well-witted.

At these roses so odorous, the man was not dolorous,
The gardener's laugh was blunt--
"'Tis a fortune," he said, "'tis gold I've read,"
. . . So the poor onion's life was found!

The Academy, 27th April, 1901.

YOUTH

YOUTH, old age will overtake you
Unawares; he's laying his snares
By day and night, he grips tight,
Old age will mock you, shock you!

JONAH

YOUTH, old age will overtake you
Unmanned; he's laying his sneeze
By day and night, he trips tight,
Old age will mock you, shook you!

A CHURCHYARD

HUNDREDS of times has grief been here,
Hundreds of mourners themselves lie here,
For some no grieved hearts followed their bier,
They had outlived all who could shed a tear.

A CHURCHYARD

Hundreds of times has tried been here,
Hundreds of mourners themselves lie here,
For none no grieved hearts followed their bier,
They had written all who could read a text,

GOOD NIGHT

O the solemnity of the last hour of Eve,
When we take our leave--
"Good night ! - good night ! "
Gone to the past is this day,
We've looked our last thereon.
To morrow ! shall we tread the same way ?
Saying again--"Good night--good night ! "

Max Gate,
Aug. 1907.

GOOD NIGHT

O the solemnity of the last hour of eve,
When we take our leave--
"Good night ! - good night ! "
Done to the past is this day,
We've looked our last thereon.
To morrow ! shall we tread the same way ?
Saying again--"good night--good night ! "

THE LIVING WORD

Through all the ages God is known,
All the symbols,
All the Idols,
All the creeds for all men's needs,
But show the "word" alone persistent,
The great creative mind existent,
Beseeching man--he piteous cries,
"Who art Thou ?"
The Invisible replies,
"I am," and none in his heart denies,
That power which rules the earth and skies--
"Thou the Father, Son, and Spirit,
Thou the Living Word exhibit
From dead chaos on till now ! "

Max Gate,
Aug. 1907.

THE LIVING WORD

Through all the ages God is known,
All the symbols,
All the Idols,
All the creeds for all man's needs,
But show the "word" alone revelations,
The great creative mind existent,

Beseeching man--be piteous cries,
"Who art Thou ?"
The Invisible replies,
"I am," and none in His heart doubts,
That power which rules the earth and skies--
"Thou the Father, Son, and Spirit,"
Thou the Living Word exhibit"
From dead chaos on till now ! "

Max Gate,
Aug. 1907.

GOD SAVE OUR EMPEROR KING.

Antiphon.

India ! Awake, O Lord, awake !
This Land for Thine to take,
And brightest make.
God save our Emperor-King.

Great Britain ! Calm may we live and die,
Beneath our temperate sky.
Let all the shires shout and sing--
God save the Emperor, our King.

India ! Men of this glorious land,
To truth and freedom stand.
God save our Emperor-King.

Great Britain ! King of these isles that are,
Long be our ruling power,
With love and pride let the crowds sing--
God save the Emperor, our King.

India ! In fellowship and faithful bands
Let peoples join hearts and hands--
God save our Emperor-King.

Great Britain ! May Britain's victorious men
Break swords for plough--and then,
Unite in peace and joyful sing--
God save the Emperor, our King.

Max Gate,
Nov., 1911.

GOD SAVE OUR EMPEROR KING.

Antiphon.

India ! Awake, O Lord, awake !
This land for Thine to take,
And brighten! make.
God save our Emperor-King.

Great Calm may we live and die,
Britain ! Beneath our flag
Let all
LONG AGO
CORNHILL PRESS,
DORCHESTER
and sing--

India ! Men of this glorious land,
To truth and freedom stand,
God save our Emperor-King.

Great King of these isles that are,
Britain ! Long be our ruling power,
With love and pride let the crowds sing--
God save the Emperor, our King.

India ! In fellowship and faithful bands
Let peoples join hearts and hands--
God save our Emperor-King.

Great May Britain's victorious men
Britain ! Break swords for plough--and them,
United in peace and joyful sing--
God save the Emperor, our King.

Nov. 1911.
Max Gate,